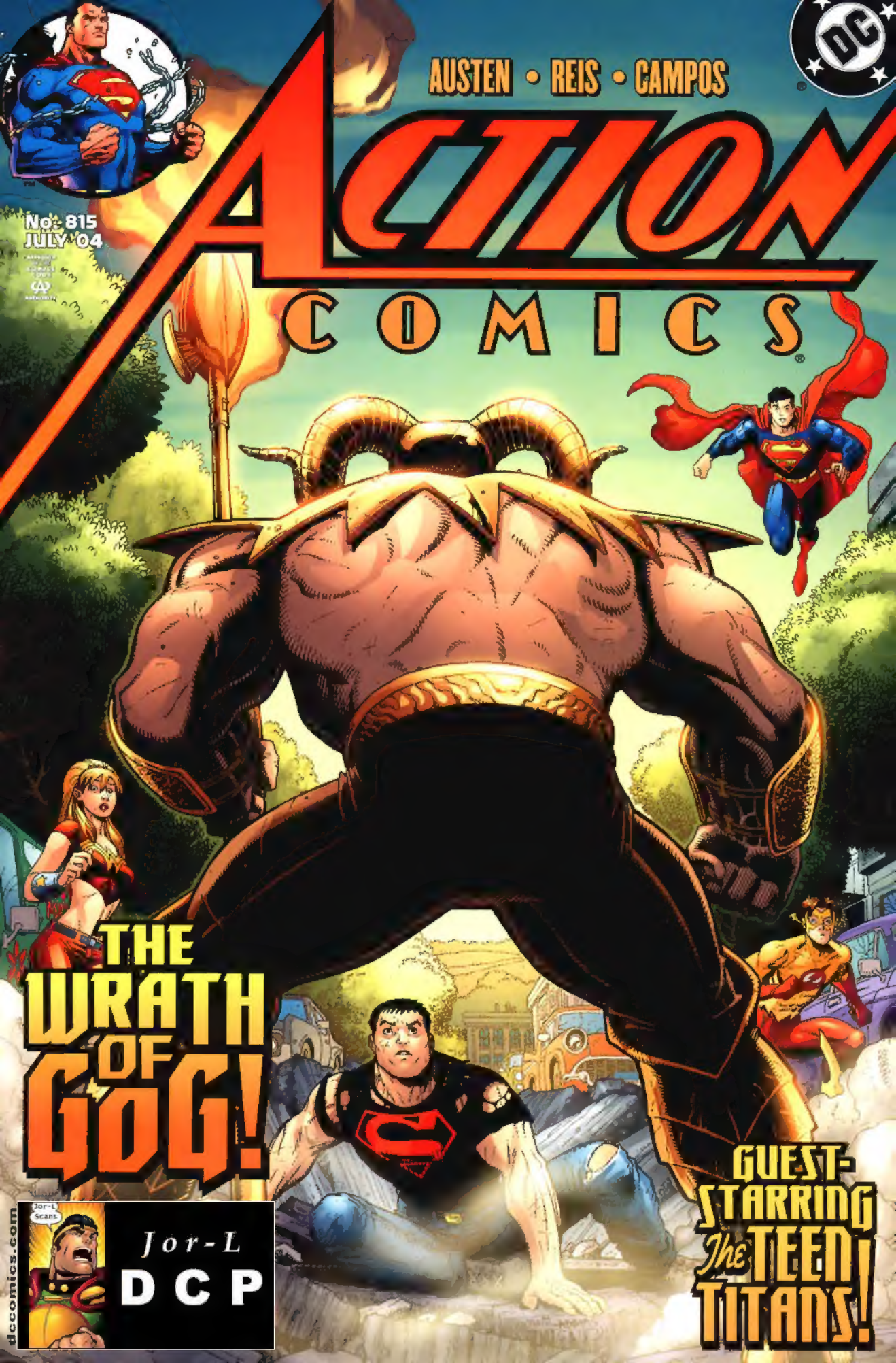
AUSTEN • REIS • CAMPOS
ACTION COMICS
No. 815
JULY '04
THE WRATH OF GOG!
GUEST-STARRING The TEEN TITANS!
Jor-L Scans
Jor-L
DCP
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SMALLVILLE IS REALLY WELL NAMED. IT'S SO TEENY. I CAN'T BELIEVE SUPERMAN ACTUALLY THINKS DOOMSDAY WOULD BOTHER WITH IT.
POPULATON IS ONLY A HUNDRED AND TEN THOUSAND, DOWN 20 PERCENT SINCE THE IMPERIEX WAR AND DEFENSE BUDGET CUTS CLOSED THE NEARBY MILITARY BASE.
MAJOR SOURCE OF REVENUE: FARMING, OF COURSE. GOES WITHOUT SAYING. YOU CAN SMELL THAT.
MAN. THIS PLACE SUCKS.
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
I THINK IT'S CUTE.
DO YOU REALLY?
I MEAN, IT IS KIND OF A QUIET PLACE, BUT IT'S NICE TOO, ISN'T IT?
I THINK SO. I COULD LIVE HERE.
YOU'D BE DEAD OF BOREDOM INSIDE AN HOUR. IF SUPERMAN IS FROM A PLACE LIKE THIS, I CAN SEE WHY HE'S SUCH A HICK.
SUPERMAN IS NOT A HICK.
WHERE DO YOU GET OFF CALLING SUPERMAN A HICK?
I THOUGHT HE WAS AN ALIEN.
WHAT THE HECK IS THAT?

KA-WHOOOOOOM

SUPERMAN vs. GOG
ENDTIMES

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I THINK I HAVE A RIGHT TO BE UPSET, LOIS. YOU KNEW I WAS SETTING DEMOTED TO THE SHACK AND YOU DIDN'T TELL ME.
IF I CAN'T TRUST MY WIFE TO TELL ME THESE THINGS, THEN WHO CAN I TRUST?
CLARK, THAT'S NOT FAIR. YOU CAN TRUST ME, OKAY? I NEVER MEANT TO HURT YOU, AND I'M SORRY.
I GUESS PART OF ME CAN'T EVEN BELIEVE YOU'RE UPSET. YOU'RE SUPERMAN, FOR GOD'S SAKE.
WHEN DID YOU KNOW, LOIS?
CLARK, I'M SORRY, ALL RIGHT? I'M REALLY, REALLY SORRY. IT WASN'T A CONSPIRACY. IT JUST CAME UP IN AN EDITORIAL MEETING.
BILL LOVING MENTIONED YOUR REPLACEMENT AND I GOT SUSPICIOUS AND CALLED THEM ON IT.
THEY HAD BEEN KEEPING IT FROM ME TOO, YOU KNOW?
PERRY TOLD ME TO PLEASE KEEP IT QUIET--HE WAS GOING TO SPEAK TO YOU RIGHT AFTER THAT MEETING--AND THEN, TWO WEEKS LATER, HE STILL HADN'T, AND--
TWO WEEKS?
LOIS, YOU KNEW ABOUT THIS FOR TWO WEEKS AND YOU DIDN'T TELL ME?
CLARK, I'VE BEEN BUSY. I'M GETTING READY FOR THIS MIDDLE EAST TRIP--
--I'M SUPPOSED TO BE IN AN INTERVIEW NOW--
--YOU'VE BEEN BUSY--OFF SAVING THE WORLD EVERY TWO MINUTES, SO DON'T--
DON'T START THAT, OKAY? DON'T MAKE THIS MY FAULT. I'M HAVING A REALLY BAD WEEK HERE, DEMOTED BECAUSE I "NO LONGER APPEAL TO A YOUNGER DEMOGRAPHIC"--
--AND THE ONLY THING THAT COULD MAKE THIS WORSE IS IF I GOT REPLACED BY THAT SLIMEBALL JACK RYDER--
--AND THAT RUMOR IS GOING AROUND, YOU KNOW.
IS IT HIM, LOIS? IS IT RYDER?
...
CLARK? PLEASE. I'M SO, SO SORRY, AND I DON'T WANT TO FIGHT, OKAY?
I'M TIRED AND I REALIZE NOW HOW UPSETTING THIS IS TO YOU, BUT WE HAVE TO TALK LATER, OKAY?
EXCUSE ME, CLARK?

NAME'S JACK RYDER. OTHERWISE KNOWN AS "SLIMEBALL."
JUST WANTED TO STOP BY AND SAY "THANKS" FOR VACATING YOUR JOB.
CLARK?
CLARK, ARE YOU THERE?
CLARK, CAN YOU HEAR ME?
IS EVERYTHING OKAY?
WELL.
I GUESS I CAN UNDERSTAND YOU BEING A LITTLE BITTER.
AND THAT'S PART OF THE REASON I TOOK THE JOB.

OH, AND TRY TO BE OUT OF THE OFFICE BY LUNCH, OKAY?
EVEN THOUGH I'M KEEPING THE STUDIO OFFICE FOR MY HIGHLY LUCRATIVE TELEVISION CAREER, I WILL BE SPENDING SOME TIME HERE, SO I HAVE WORKMEN BRINGING A FEW THINGS OVER--
--AND I'D REALLY HATE FOR THEM TO BE TRIPPING OVER YOU.
CLARK!
SUPERMAN?
SUPERMAN, IT'S SUPERBOY! DOOMSDAY'S NOT--
CLARK?!
SUPERBOY?
CLARK? WHO ARE YOU TALKING TO?
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
CLAAAAARK!

SLAM

NOW, LITTLE SUPERMAN...

DID YOU SIGNAL FOR HELP?

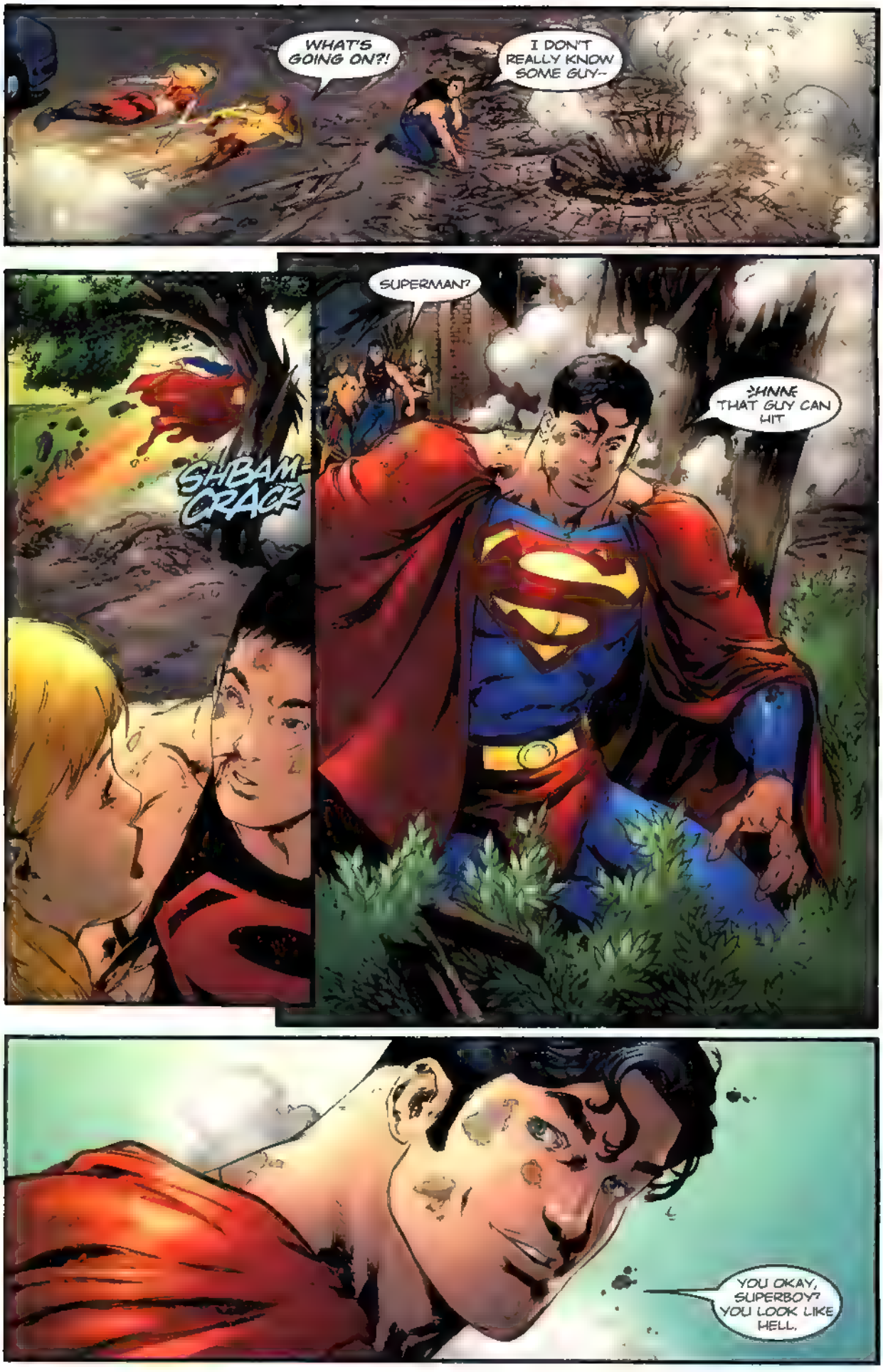
SHAKK!
AND IS HE COMING?
KRUNCH
EXCELLENT.
NOW, LET'S DEAL WITH YOU BEFORE HE GETS HERE.

KRASSH
BEEESH

OH MY GOD
NO GOG.

SSZZZZZCRAK!
NNNNN..
WHO--
WHO ARE YOU?
TELL ME OR TELL HIM

FWOOSH
GAAAH.
AAAAH!
BLOOM


WHAT'S GOING ON?!
I DON'T REALLY KNOW SOME GUY--
SHBAM CRACK
SUPERMAN?
SHIVE THAT GUY CAN HIT
YOU OKAY, SUPERBOY? YOU LOOK LIKE HELL.

PEOPLE TELL ME I LOOK JUST LIKE YOU.
THEY'RE JUST BEING NICE.
KID FLASH, CAN YOU GO THROUGH THE TOWN SQUARE AND SEE IF ANYONE NEEDS MEDICAL ATTENTION?
ALREADY DONE, SIR.
GREAT JOB.
OH MY GOD, YOUR POOR FACE. ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE ALL RIGHT?
AAAAH. NOT WHEN YOU TOUCH IT LIKE THAT.
DO ME A FAVOR. YOU AND WONDER GIRL GET EVERYONE HERE TO SAFETY.
I'M GOING TO TRY TO LURE THIS NUT A GOOD, SAFE DISTANCE AWAY, BUT IN CASE I CAN'T I DON'T WANT ANY CASUALTIES
YES, SIR. UNDERSTOOD
"SIR"? I THOUGHT YOU SAID HE WAS JUST A HICK?
YEAH, BUT A COOL AND INTENSE HICK.
COME ON, WONDER GIRL. GIMME A HAND WITH THE CIVILIANS.
I CAN FLY, Y'KNOW
NOT AS FAST AS I CAN RUN
OKAY, WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?
NOTHING.
GO TO THE KENT'S HOUSE AND RECOVER.
BUT--

PREPARE TO DIE, SUPERMAN!
NO BUTS. GO!
"PREPARE TO DIE, SUPERMAN"? THAT CLUNKER IS
--SO--

--YESTERDAY!
ALL THE PEOPLE ARE SAFE, SUPERMAN.
THIS IS A WICKED FIGHT! SUPERMAN JUST POUNDED THAT DUDE!
NO RUBBER-NECKING! GET TO SAFETY!
AND PERRY SAYS I CAN'T APPEAL TO A YOUNGER DEMOGRAPHIC.
HA!
YOU AND ALL YOUR PROGENY, SUPERMAN--
--YOU WILL ALL DIE HORRIBLY, I PROMISE YOU.

GOD LOVE A CLICHÉ.
WHAT'S NEXT? "MINDLESS CRETIN!"
OR: "HAD--
WHUD
CRACK
--ENOUGH"?
OR MY PERSONAL FAVORITE--
CRUNCH

"NO ONE CAN STAND BEFORE THE MIGHT OF--(YOUR NAME HERE)"
AAAAHHH...
OH, AND A FUTURE FASHION TIP: WHEN FIGHTING REALLY STRONG PEOPLE--
NEVER PUT HANDLES--ON YOUR HEAD.
KLOOM
NOW, THE WAY I SEE IT, YOU HAVE THREE OPTIONS HERE.
ONE: STOP FIGHTING AND GIVE UP.
B: STOP FIGHTING AND GIVE UP.
OR OPTION THREE--
--AND THIS IS THE ONE I THINK YOU NEED TO SERIOUSLY CONSIDER--
SSZZ
RKKK

AAAAAAAAH!
FZZZZZZZZZZZZZ
Next: THINGS GET WORSE!